

## The World

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### SO SOON FORGOTTEN.

It appears that the net result up to date of all the hue and cry over the Darlington disaster has been the indictment of one man, the owner, who has not been arrested because the police cannot find him, and the "severe censure" of an inspector who was recommended for dismissal but is said still to be in the city's employ.

Of the contractors concerned one was not indicted because he "had only a financial interest in the firm," while the other escaped on the plea of general ignorance and irresponsible incompetence.

It has been a characteristic exhibition of the descending scale of the city's righteous wrath from the feverish pitch of indignation to passive inaction and forgetfulness. It has taken only four months for the spasm of angry denunciation to spend itself and dwindle down to do-nothingness, while building conditions fall back into the old rut.

The one single good fruit of the investigation was the hasty and, as was said, surreptitious, passage of the Aldermanic ordinance granting the Building Department larger powers of control over contractors. That ordinance alone, subject to repeal as having raised a strong opposition, stands as the sole tangible benefit to the community of the costly exposure of Budensleek methods in steel.

In our present time of greater wrath over the Slocum calamity it will be well to bear the bootless Darlington investigation in mind as a precedent not to be followed.

**The Stone Throwers.**—On Sunday the stone-throwing small boy took up his position on Washington Bridge and pelted the Speedway horsemen. A week before he was making a target of the Harlem carmen. Another Sunday he was stoning automobiles on the east side. He crops up everywhere and he is becoming more and more a nuisance. He is well deserving of a term on the island and should be dealt with severely whenever caught.

### COLLEGE HONOR MEN.

A farmer boy leads the honor men of Yale's graduating class and a negro is among the thirteen students of highest rank. It will be recalled that a negro was one of the Harvard honor men last year. One of the best orators at Harvard, a sophomore, is a negro. That university's class day orator of two years ago was a negro. Brown's prize honor man last year was a newsboy.

While it is possible to provide examples like these there can be no question of the democratic nature of the college community. So long as a boy from the farm can lead his class and secure the honor which counts above all athletic laurels any snap judgment on the degeneracy of college life through wealth and luxury must be suspended. "Ten years after" the name of the football captain may be forgotten by his class, but never the name of the man who led them in scholarship.

The prominence of negroes in the college life of Yale and Harvard, considering their relatively small representation in the catalogue, is a unique development. Their proficiency in oratory must be regarded as remarkable; to the instances cited above may be added that of George W. Cranford, who won the Townsend prize at Yale last June for the best law school oration. (An example of their activity in athletics was given in our shortstop whose exploits are still fresh in college annals.)

It is the Chicago bootblack winning honors at Columbia, the newsboy at Brown, the farmer boy at Yale, the negro at Harvard who furnish the colleges with credentials of democracy which no tales of luxurious dormitories or spendthrift student life can discredit.

While likewise they furnish very superior credentials to the nation whose newsboys, bootblacks and negroes can make this fine showing of results.

### TO CONEY ISLAND FOR ONE FARE.

Encouraged by a decision on Brooklyn Heights trolley car transfers in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, Coney Island passengers have begun to take upon themselves the removal of a long-standing wrong. To many persons, last Sunday, conductors appealed in vain for a second fare after the cars had passed Kings Highway.

The ten-cent fare to the famous beach has been collected heretofore because the trolley managers found they could get it and were not afraid to do so. An occasional passenger objecting to double payment did not count. He could be put off, while the nickels of less militant patrons offset the contingency of a suit for damages. Things are different now that the Court has crystallized and confirmed the opinion of the crowd.

With the victory on the Coney Island route the principle of one continuous ride for a single fare, long ago recognized in law, is well established in fact in the Metropolitan district. This is a distinct and gratifying popular gain.

### SPEAKING OF PUBLIC BATHS.

"The Health of the People, the Beginning of Happiness" is the legend engraved upon stone above the entrance to the public baths at Brookline, Mass.

It is the foundation motto of the "uplift movement" of the day as applied to the tenements. We may teach many things to those who long to know. But if we teach them first cleanliness and that healthfulness result from it, and if we give their children playgrounds and show the little ones how to preserve both happiness and strength, we shall find ourselves better teachers with better pupils in many further ways.

The first application of these thoughts is to the thirteen public baths on the river fronts, opened for the season yesterday.

The second application is to facts for the consideration of the city fathers. For one thing, the baths could and should have been open earlier—and more of them. For another thing, the need of keeping clean does not cease with the end of summer, and permanent, all-the-year-round public baths are not multiplying as they should in crowded New York; though the conditions have been greatly improved.

There should be ceaseless pushing of preparations so that the good of the bathing habits, so easy to encourage in summer, may be carried through the winter, too.

## The Clergyman and the Divorcee.

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WESTCHESTER clergyman who imagines himself that all persons in the United States will seek him out to marry him a second time has announced that in future he will decline to tie the untied knot in the case of all men and women not personally known to him.

"I am taking this stand," he explained, "because I feel that a clergyman may unwittingly get mixed up in a scandal when he marries a couple he knows nothing about. The bride or the bridegroom may have been married before. They may have been divorced. I have a strong feeling on this subject, and it would shock me to learn afterward that I had married such a couple."

Then followed a true story in which a priest agent in New York might take a righteous pride, of an adventure where the clergyman was virtually kidnapped by a suave-looking brigand, who took him in a cab to the house where the bride waited. But the bride was a divorcee, and on learning it he declined to perform the ceremony.

"Then you'll have to wait," he exclaimed the husband-elect angrily, and actually permitted him to walk a whole mile over a country road for righteousness' sake before he relented and sent the carriage after him.

There are many similar martyrs among the clergy to the anti-divorce sentiment, and there are many unthinking persons who admire their Casabianca attitude. But is it not part of a clergyman's duties to perform the marriage ceremony for all persons legally entitled to marry? For his life is not all soul-shaking in the pulpit and hand-shaking in the vestry any more than it is all beer and skittles for the rest of us. Regardless of its ethics, divorce is a law of the United States just as much as marriage is, and no man has more right to set himself above one of these laws than above the other. This is particularly true of clergymen, whose function it is to make the marriage law operative, and who have not the shadow of a right to make the divorce laws inoperative, as they practically do in refusing to marry divorced persons.

It is no more the good man's privilege to set his personal standards above the law than it is for a wicked man to set his standards below them. To be sure, so far as he is himself concerned, and in his private capacity, he can be just as good as he likes. But as a public functionary, he should be no better than the law he helps to ruin. His anti-divorce life may be the dearest sentiment of his soul. But when they conflict with the divorce laws of the land, as they certainly do when he tries to force them on the people, they should have to go under in the latter, if not in the spirit, just as polygamy, the dearest sentiment of the Mormon soul, does, when it conflicts with the marriage laws.

There has been talk of the league together of the anti-divorce clergy for the disfranchisement of the divorced men and women seeking to remarry. Even if one could not be married by a clergyman, or Justice of the Peace, or simple contract, what would such a league accomplish? It would simply make a lot of people dispense with the ceremony they could not secure, and like Samson, in order to crush the Philistines, they would have to pull the temple of Hymen down upon themselves.

The limitation by a clergyman of the number of marriages he is willing to perform to the circle of his personal acquaintances, because he is afraid that persons who seek his services may occasionally tell him a lie, is distinctly far-fetched. The one occasion in life in which inclination and interest conspire to make people tell the truth is when they are about to be married. If a man or woman is married without being legally eligible to the ceremony, upon his own false representation, the law looks after him or her, and the clergyman is in no wise responsible. It is his business to marry people and the law's to determine how often they may be married.

### SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

#### ANXIOUS.

"I wonder where the money is coming from for that new dress of yours my dear."

"From the mint, I hope. I should be sorry to think you were a counterfeit."

#### PROOF POSITIVE.

Ethyl—Mayme is evidently beginning to feel her age.  
Edyth—Why do you think so?  
Ethyl—She says hereafter she is going to write her name Mary.—Chicago News.

#### NO ADVANTAGE.

"Do man dat's willin' to take a mean advantage," said Uncle Eben, "generally finishes by havin' to 'sociate wit people dat's jes' as unscrupulous as he is an' mebbe smaler."—Washington Star.

#### GREAT ADVANTAGE.

Silas—My son Hiram writes from college that he is learnin' French.  
Cyrus—By heck, a college education is some use, after all. If he ever gets a job as waiter he can write the menu cards.—Chicago News.

#### EXTRA ITEM.

Guest (to landlord)—You have the grandest scenery around here that I ever laid eyes on!  
Landlord (aside to clerk)—Put \$6 extra on his bill for scenery.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Mary Jane and Her Tabby Have Company

A Peace Friendly Meeting That Developed Into a Sad Case of Rough House.



## Weary Waggle's Tackles the Tee and Niblick

Golf Looks Like Lots of Fun, but the Hobo Finds It Is the Hardest and Hottest Kind of Work.



## Mrs. Nagg and Her Friends.

By Roy L. McCardell.  
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"MRS. NAGG, you spoke harshly to brother Willie this morning. Don't deny it! Don't you dare contradict me! I tell you I heard you, and I will shout just as loud as I please, and I don't care what the neighbors think!"

"Ah, if you would only let love and gentleness rule! How my poor dear papa, who is now at rest, used to regret that he had been hasty, many and many a time!"

"He was brutally assaulted one time and four of his ribs were broken, and all because he insisted that a rowdy apologize to him for being in the way when papa stepped on his sprained ankle in a crowded street car."

"He told me himself. If I had not lost my temper and stuck a lighted cigar in the man's eye he would not have taken an unfair advantage of me by hitting me with the heavy cane he carried."

drinking, dear? Claret lemonade at Mrs. Terwilliger's?"

"Mrs. Terwilliger, don't you know it is violating the first principles of the Kind Words Club to offer any one strong drink? Of course I know your claret lemonade could be called 'strong drink,' but the principle is the same!"

"Mrs. Nagg, if you would attend to your own affairs you would have less time to attend to other people's. Don't endeavor to stop me, Mrs. Hankinson. I am not Mrs. Nagg's husband. I am not afraid of her and her badgering ways. She can't intimidate me, tell you."

"No, Mrs. Hankinson and you Mrs. Blenkinson and Mrs. Gradley, don't hold her, you know the old saying, 'Wine in, truth out,' and all this violence of an other times repressed unsmooth nature, simply bears out the remark I made about the claret lemonade."

"There, Mrs. Terwilliger, you are calmer now. I will send the girl for some stimulant for you. A little brandy and cracked ice is the best stimulant. My physician prescribes it. Ladies, you all are looking pale, you must try the stimulant, too."

"And now, dears, I think the weather is really too warm to hold any meeting to-day. Let us have a good, old-fashioned chat."

"Have you heard of Mrs. Skippaway's latest escapade?"

"No? Well, then I mustn't tell you, for I despise gossip and scandal."

"Please do tell! Well, promise me you won't breathe it to a soul, dears! Last night she—but here she comes, speaking of angels—ahem! I'll tell you some other time!"

"How are you, dear Mrs. Skippaway, we were so afraid you would not come!"

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

### A Bunch of Flaws in the Anti-Race Suicide Flat-House.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "the down-trodden New York baby is going to get a chance at last. A Bronx landlord named Schmidt intends to build a six-story flat-house exclusively for persons with large families, and a feature of it will be a room 50 feet square on the ground floor for the storage of baby carriages."

"The game looks all right," commented the Man Higher Up, "but it will be more of a hit with me after I see the score. Far be it from me to say that a man won't realize dividends by building a flat-house for a baby show. However, I'd prefer to be shown."

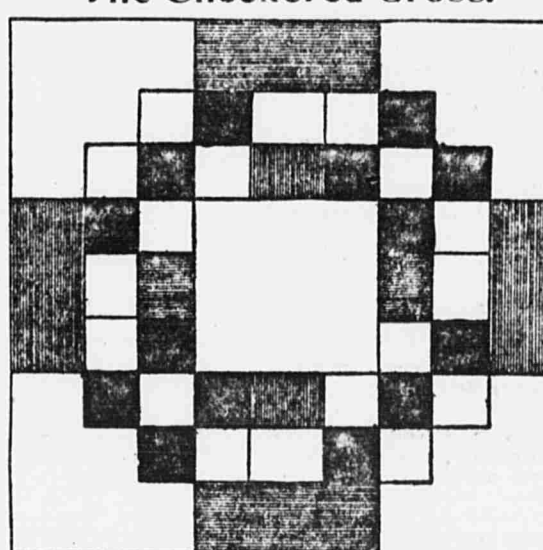
"He is making a false move right off the reel by arranging for a store room for baby carriages. No real New York mother will keep a baby carriage anywhere but in the lower hall, where other tenants can fall over it and thus enlarge the feeling of affection they have for her sweet child. Of course if Mr. Schmidt is going to have a regular repository for perambulators he will make a rule that no push carts for kids shall be kept in the halls, and thus he will queer himself with the mothers before he is ready for the deal."

"If Mr. Schmidt is an experienced landlord he will have to incorporate some new construction effects in his building. The walls will have to be of chilled steel, the stairways of concrete, the doors of wrought iron, and the floors of brick. The window panes will have to be reinforced with wires and the wall paper will have to be made of asbestos. Otherwise Mr. Schmidt will wander around to his flats some day in time to see his happy little tenants pulling them down."

"Speaking of kids," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "reminds me of Dowie's unknissed son, and that reminds me that Dowie says he is for Roosevelt."

"It's all off with Roosevelt," replied the Man Higher Up. "The last time Dowie was here it was just before election and he said he was for Low."

### The Checkered Cross.



In ye days of ye Knight and ye Faire Ladye there lived a famous old magician who set every one guessing with a most astonishing problem in folded paper.

Dowie was sought over it, dominions lost and crowns ruthlessly torn from royal heads. To this day no one ever solved the puzzle of the mystic square, and it must forever be a mystery unless a wise head unravels it.

A large cross is here shown, cut into many angles and squares. Cut out this square and fold the paper into such a shape as to produce a new cross, smaller in size, but perfect, the squares forming it to be of alternate white and black.

### Monster Cannon.

Some experiments carried on near Cherbourg, France, with the new model big Fortin fortress guns show that this question of gun calibre touches interests outside the purely military sphere. The guns are of 12-inch calibre, and, although only three shots were fired, it had been judged prudent to warn the neighboring inhabitants to leave their windows and doors open as a precaution against the tremendous concussion expected. In fact, the first shot did great damage to the earthworks around the gun, and as there was no time to warn the officer in command the next two discharges completely shattered them. Luckily, the men ordinarily serving the gun had been kept at a distance until the effects had been tested. In the result new service rules will have to be devised, and a larger uninhabited area around these guns will be necessary.

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

### IDIOTORIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Why Rub Lettuce Into Your Hair?

Especially When Spinach Is Just as Cheap.

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PEOPLE—are attempting to sap the sturdy manhood of the AMERICAN WORKING MAN by teaching him to RUB LETTUCE INTO HIS HAIR.

Heretofore the simple-hearted laboring folk were content if they could find a nice handful of succulent, plain, nutritious SPINACH to rub into their hair at the close of a long day's work for the millions of the Trusts.

It was a merry harmless pastime, and the ARISTOCRAT GRUDGED THE COMMON PEOPLE THEIR ONE JOY IN LIFE. So the Trusts have taught them to substitute lettuce for innocuous spinach.

As the Workingman generously kneads a mass of crisp lettuce, reeking with chives and French dressing, into his aged grandmother's scant and silvery locks, and TUBULARS at her placid smile of senile enjoyment, BELITTLE KNOWS how he is playing into the hands of the Trusts and MARRING THE INTELLECT OF FUTURE GENERATIONS.

Spinach was good enough for our ancestors who made this a FREE COUNTRY. It is good enough for the Common People of to-day!

THE SPINACH TREB IS MIGHTIER THAN THE LETTUCE VINE.

